

her. There are, I fear, hundreds of excellent clergy-
men of the Church of England in Canada who have
not yet measured the value of the cause of temper-
ance as an accessory of strength to the Church. To
these let me commend the study of her progress
in Rupert's Land, and the example of her Bishop, her
clergy, and her people, for here the Roman Catholic
on entering the arena of temperance work, forgets the
Pope; the Anglican forgets Luther, the Presbyterians
forgets Calvin, and the Methodist forgets Wesley,
each remembering only one Saviour, among the chief
of whose teachings was—Temperance.

Yours truly, Wm. Leggo,
Sec. C. of E. S. S. of the Diocese of Rupert's Land,
Winnipeg, Feb. 1, 1881.

THE CHURCH'S PROGRESS.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me a small space in your widely-
read journal to lay before your readers another view
of the *decrease* (?) which the Rev. Mr. Rainsford says our
Church is undergoing, and this is re-echoed by Rev.
Mr. Bray in his *Spectator*, when he says it is the same
with all religious bodies in Canada.

If Mr. Rainsford takes a per centum in every thou-
sand inhabitants, he does not give the clear, hard sta-
tistics which I will give, and against these facts there
is no gainsaying, seeing I have taken them from the
bound volumes of the census of 1871—official docu-
ments and correct. Again, neither Mr. Rainsford or
any one else can tell what is the increase or decrease
of the Christian bodies during the last decade. If,
however, we take the *three last* ten years in these sta-
tistics, surely we may suppose the same ratio in the
present and last decade. Now to stern realities, and
let us hear no more of the decrease of the Church of
England in Canada, that is the Dominion Provinces of
Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario, and
the very same thing is true of the Presbyterians,
Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists (Rev. Mr.
Bray's own church) though he seems not to know how
his own denomination has progressed since the year
1851.

In the census of 1851 the Church of England is num-
bered with 36,115 members in Nova Scotia; no re-
port in New Brunswick, 44,682 in Quebec, and
223,190 in Ontario.

In the census of 1861 the Church of England is num-
bered with 47,744 members in Nova Scotia, 42,776 in
New Brunswick, 63,487 in Quebec, and 311,559 in
Ontario. In the census of 1871 the Church of Eng-
land is numbered with 55,143 members in Nova
Scotia, 45,481 in New Brunswick, 62,636 in Quebec,
and 331,484 in Ontario. Now let us look at these
figures, but before doing so let me put the percentage
of Mr. Rainsford before your readers, and it will truly
be seen that there has been a *gradual decrease*, but *this* is
in every 1,000 inhabitants, that is, proportion to 1,000
of the population. In 1851 the proportion of Church of
England to every 1,000 inhabitants in Nova Scotia
was 130.4; in New Brunswick, no report; in Quebec
50.2, and in Ontario 234.4. In the census of 1861 the
proportion was—Nova Scotia, 144.3; New Brunswick,
169.7; Quebec, 57.1, and in Ontario 223.2. In the
census of 1871 the proportion was—Nova Scotia, 142.2;
New Brunswick, 159.2; Quebec, 52.5, and Ontario,
204.5. The four Provinces are marked thus—propor-
tion to 1,000 of inhabitants—Nova Scotia, New Brun-
swick, Quebec, Ontario—Church of England, 1851—
no report; 1861—150.6; 1871—142.0, a decrease of
8.6.

Now let us take the real numbers of actual mem-
bers:—

Nova Scotia—36,115 in 1851; 47,744 in 1861, an in-
crease over that of 1851 of 11,629 members; 55,143 in
1871, an increase over that of 1861 of 7,399 members.
So much for Nova Scotia, showing a good and gradual
increase.

New Brunswick—1851, no report; 42,776 in 1861;
45,481 in 1871, an increase of 2,705 members in the
decade.

Quebec—44,682 in 1851; 63,487 in 1861, an increase
over that of 1851 of 18,805 members; a wonderful in-
crease in a Province wholly Roman Catholic, but
partly occasioned by the troops; 62,636 in 1871, a
decrease of 851 members, accounted for by the final
withdrawal of the troops from Canada—Quebec citadel
being the last place which they left—so that there is
no actual decrease even in Quebec Province.

Now let us turn to Ontario, the Province of the
Rev. Mr. Rainsford:

Ontario—223,190 in 1851; 311,559 in 1861, an in-
crease of 88,369 members in the ten years; 331,484 in
1871, an increase of 19,925 members in the ten years.
If this is not increase I don't know what is—108,294
added to the Church during the time Mr. Rainsford
says there has been a gradual decrease in Ontario as
elsewhere.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that when the census of 1881 is
made public, as good an increase will be seen in all
the Provinces as the above noble increase in Ontario.

Look again ecclesiastically: In 1851 there were

only six Bishops; in 1861 eight Bishops; in 1871 nine
Bishops; and now there have been added since 1871
no less than *five new Bishops and Dioceses*, viz., Algoma
in 1873, Moosonee in 1873, Saskatchewan in 1874,
Arthabasca in 1874, and Niagara in 1875. Does not
this show increase? Where is Mr. Rainsford's *de-*
crease?

I am sorry to trespass so long on your valuable
space, but I think I have conclusively demonstrated
that the glorious Old Church of England is still hold-
ing her own, and in the meantime

I remain, yours, &c.,
J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK.
Hochelaga, Feb. 9, 1881.

Family Reading.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing.
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee.
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee:
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given.
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee.
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow.
See how small each moment's pain.
God will help thee for to-morrow
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly.
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy.
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond:
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token.
Reaching Heaven; but, one by one.
Take them, lest the chain be broken.
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

DIED POOR.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker,
"the saddest I have attended for many years."
"That of Edmonson?"
"Yes."
"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long
struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage.
Fortune mocked him all the while with golden pro-
mises that were destined never to know fulfilment."
"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one
of the company.
"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr,"
was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a
better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he de-
served success."
"Did he not succeed," questioned one who had
spoken of his patience and endurance.
"No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated.
Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A
strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."
"I was with him in his last moments," said the
other, "and thought he died rich."
"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. The
heirs will have no concern as to the administration of
his estate."
"He left a good name," said one, "and that is
something."
"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in
the name of humanity," remarked another.
"And precious examples," said a third.
"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in ad-
versity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams
fell upon the bewildered path," was the testimony of
another.
"And high truths, manly courage and heroic forti-
tude."
"Then he died rich," was the empathic declaration.
"Richer than the millionaire who went to his long
home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A

sad funeral did you say? No, my friend, it was a
triumphal procession. Not the burial of a human
clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation
of an angel. Did not succeed? Why his whole life
was a series of successes. In every conflict he came
off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his
brow.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS.

It may be interesting at the present moment to
know to what uses the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has
hitherto put her enormous wealth. The record is
not inglorious, and, as given below, is very incomplete
— complete enough, however, to give a fair idea of her
untiring munificence. In addition to a thousand and
one miscellaneous contributions to public and private
charities, she erected and endowed at her own sole
cost the church of St. Stephen's, Westminster. She
did a similar act for the city of Carlisle. At an out-
lay of £250,000 she endowed the three colonial bishop-
rics of Adelaide, Capetown, and British Columbia.
Sir Henry Turner's topographical survey of Jerusa-
lem was paid for out of her purse. She established a
"Home" and means of reform for fallen women. In
Spitalfields she has sewing schools and other means
of industrial education and occupation for poor adult
women, who are also provided with food. In 1859
she fitted out hundreds of destitute boys for the Royal
Navy, first testing their fitness and character in
schools and in a well-managed shoeblack brigade.
The East London Weavers' Aid Association, which
did a great deal of good at a critical time, was the
result of her wise forethought. Out of an East End
fever spot she erected the model dwellings called
Columbia square, planting a prosperous colony on
what was once a rookery similar to one or two which
the curious may still find in the neighbourhood of
Baxter-street, New York. She built Columbia market;
she erected in London and Manchester several of the
handsomest drinking fountains extant; in the dis-
tressful days of Givran in Scotland she relieved the
people, and paid their passage to Australia; when the
inhabitants of Cape Clear, close to Skibbereen, in
Ireland, were "hard up" and likely to starve, she
helped them with money and fishing tackle, and gave
many families the means to emigrate. She establish-
ed a model farm for the instruction of the natives of
Sarawak in the Indian Archipelago. The Turkish
compassionate Fund was founded by her, and she
sent out thousands of pounds to the distressed people
on the line of the Russian march. Her own almoner
distributed money for her only recently in Ireland.
Holly Lodge and its beautiful grounds are continually
given up to school fetes. No class or institution is
outside the pale of her sympathy; she is the patroness
of costermongers and volunteers, of distressed men
and poor women, and her charities are not confined
to London. In 1867 more than 2000 Belgian volun-
teers were invited to Holly Lodge to meet the Prince
and Princess of Wales. The Queen gave her a peer-
age in 1871. The year after she publicly received
the freedom of the city of London, and in 1874 Edin-
burgh bestowed upon her a similar distinction. She
had earned all the honours they could heap upon her,
for not only did she give her money away, but she
gave time and thought to its proper disposal, and
often did work that properly belonged to the Govern-
ment.

SINGULAR OR PLURAL.—Of a North-countryman, who
was both parish clerk and schoolmaster, it is related
that when he was compelled to resign his scholastic
duties to a qualified teacher from a training college,
he heard the new master tell his pupils: "A is an in-
definite article. A is one, and can only be applied to
one thing. You cannot say a cats, a dogs; but only a
cat, a dog." Upon this the clerk said to the rector:
"Here's a pretty fellow you've got to keep school!
He says that you can only apply the article A to
nouns of the singular number, and here have I been
saying A-men all my life, and your reverence has never
once corrected me."

VEXATIONS.

PETTY trials have less power to chafe when met as
an inevitable part of a Christian's chosen lot. The
world's neglect or censure, the little annoyances of
daily life, the loss of accustomed pleasures, happiness,
or comforts, small worries that try temper or ruffle
self-love, these are straggling thorns that lie across
the path. Those who recognize the truth that such
thorns are to be expected, and are not left to skirt
the narrow way without some purpose of wisdom,
find that they bear fragrant blossoms to solace as well
as prickles to wound. Many of the sharpest are avoid-
ed by simply bending the head. As regards small
offences, the reverse of the common proverb, "Pride
feels no pain," is most consonant to the truth: it is
pride that feels most pain. Dashing the brambles aside
with impatient scorn, he is constantly wounded by the
double force of their recoil.